

THE GHOST OF A GHOST

I

The pleasures I took from life  
were simple things—to play catch  
in the evenings with my son,  
or tease my daughter (whom I addressed  
as Princess Pea), or to watch  
television, curled on the floor.  
Sometimes I liked to drink too much,  
but not too often. Perhaps best  
of all was the delight I found  
waking to a drowse at one  
or two at night and my wife  
huffing (soft, not quite a snore)  
beside me, a comforting sound.

We had our problems of course,  
Emily and I, occasions when  
things got out of hand.—Once she threw  
a juice glass at me that broke  
on the wall (that night I drew  
a face there, a clownish man  
catching it square on the nose,  
and Emily laughed till she cried).  
It's true I threatened divorce  
a few times (she did too), but those  
were ploys, harmless because love ran  
through every word we spoke—  
and then, an accident, I died.

THE HAUNTED

A crying white candle  
Lights the room where  
The moon's fairest woman  
Brushes her hair  
And we who are dying  
Just to be near her,  
Who inextricably  
Adore and fear her,  
Hurl ourselves flatly  
On the walls and floor,  
Dancing a love-dance  
More and more  
Frenzied until—a kind  
Of kiss—she places  
Her mouth to the flame, and  
Blows out our faces.